

WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XIII.—NO. 6.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1800.

WHOLE NO. 630.

THE SPANISH HERMIT.

[CONTINUED.]

TOWARDS the evening of the second day's journey, while I was deep in thought, I inadvertently quitted the road, and followed a path which conducted me into a wide country covered with wood, and intersected with thickets of bramble. Perceiving the mistake, I endeavored to return to the road I had left, by retracing the path; but, instead of repairing my fault, I found myself enveloped by a deep and dreary glen, from which the darkness of the night, which now closed fast around me, prevented my return. Compelled to remain in this situation until the break of day, I dismounted, and, taking the bridle from my horse, that he might graze more conveniently, threw myself on the grass, in expectation that a sound sleep would relieve me from the fatigues of my journey, and the calls of hunger; but, as my wearied eye-lids were about to close, I suddenly heard the distant cries of ill-omened birds, accompanied, at intervals, by the plaintive sounds of a human voice. Starting from the ground, to discover, if possible, the cause of these extraordinary noises; and walking towards the place from whence the sounds seemed to proceed, I discovered, by the favor of a feeble light, which the moon occasionally cast through the dark clouds in which it was involved, the remains of an ancient edifice. It appeared like a chapel fallen into ruins, and become the melancholy abode of bats and screech-owls. Advancing to examine it, I heard more distinctly, every step I took, the noises which resounded from within it. The whole glen sometimes re-echoed to the hideous cries of birds of prey, and at others, I clearly discerned something like the groans and lamentations of a female who, by some strange outrage, had been inclosed, against her will, within this place of horrors.

The desire I felt to develope this mystery, induced me to enter the ruins; but I entered them with a degree of fear and trembling, from which the most intrepid man could not, in my situation, have been free. Curiosity, however, supported my courage, and I walked, with a naked sword in my hand, slowly and cautiously among the scattered fragments of the edifice, until I came to a kind of tomb, from whence a voice, interrupted by sighs and groans, suddenly pronounced these words: "O, unhappy woman! how have I deserved to suffer such cruel treatment?" A death-like terror struck my heart on hearing these expressions; my mind was dismayed; and my imagination represented it as a foul consigned to trouble.

Alarmed and agitated, however, as I was, I ventured to speak to the voice I heard; but my address was such as clearly marked the disordered state of my mind: "Immortal spirit," exclaimed I; "you, who, disengaged from corporeal restraints, expiate in this moment the crimes committed in your mortal state, say, what would you have? I am ready to do whatever you command."

"Ah! traitor," replied the voice, "you are not contented with having buried me alive within this horrid grave, but you must add insult to this

cruel injury: the lingering and inhuman death which waits me in this horrid sepulchre might fully satisfy your mind."

On receiving this reply, which convinced me that I was in conversation with a living body, my apprehensions vanished.

"Whoever you are," said I to the afflicted female, "know that I am not the author of your misfortunes. I am a traveller, who, having lost his way, was preparing not far from hence to await the return of morn, when I heard your complaint, and have ventured into this retreat to learn its cause: the fears, which your ejaculations inspired, deprived me of my senses; I fancied you a departed spirit; and, under that impression, exorcised you; but I am now undeceived; and, if I shall be enabled to render you the least service, it will console me for having missed my way. Lose no time. Come forward from this frightful place, and follow me. I have a horse not far hence, and will conduct you wherever you shall direct."

"Oh! Sir," replied the voice, "I cannot, without your assistance, release myself from this horrid dungeon, where I am tied with cords; my tongue, which shall ever hereafter pour forth my gratitude to heaven for your assistance, alone is free."

I accordingly approached, and entered the tomb, where I found a woman not only fettered hands and feet, but, to render the scene still more horrible, closely fastened to the dead body of a man. The shocking sight struck terror to my soul, and I retreated involuntarily from the object.

"Generous stranger!" said the Lady, "separate the living from the dead: release me immediately from the murdered body to which I am bound; and defeat the vindictive fury of an unjustly jealous husband."

I concluded, from these last words, that the deplorable state to which the unhappy woman was reduced, must be a new Italian method of punishing conjugal infidelity.

Gallantry, however, when called upon to aid a female in distress, is never impeded by a consideration of circumstances; and, advancing immediately towards the unhappy sufferer, I cut the cords with which she was bound, with my sword; released her from her dead companion; and conducted her from the tomb, through the surrounding ruins, to the spot where my horse was grazing.

The light of day soon afterwards appeared on the horizon; and placing the young sufferer behind me on the horse, we followed the first track, without knowing to what place it led, and arrived in a short time at Betola.

The lady, who until this time had observed a profound silence, on viewing the village, joyfully exclaimed, "I know where we are: and the place to which I wish to go is not more than two miles distant. Go that road, if you please, Sir," added she, pointing to a path: "go that road, and we shall in less than an hour arrive at a farmhouse, where you will be received by persons who will not be insensible of the services you have rendered me; for you will then restore me to the

arms of my beloved parents, to a fond father, to a tender and affectionate mother. Oh! Anselmo! Oh! Dorothea!" continued she, until interrupted by her tears, "unhappy authors of my existence, what will you feel? How will your kind hearts bleed with affliction when you learn the unjust and cruel treatment your daughter has received?"

This apostrophe was followed by such a flood of tears, that, although I seriously doubted whether I had rescued from death a victim perfectly innocent, I could not avoid being deeply affected by her history.

On our arrival at the farm-house, an aged man and woman were standing at the door. It was Anselmo and Dorothea. Astonished and surprised at perceiving their daughter, "Just heaven," exclaimed the old man, "it is Lucretia! Why are you here without your husband? Why is he not with you?"

Lucretia could only answer with her tears, which flowed in all the abundance of real feeling and affliction. "Alas!" said the mother, "I am afraid that Aurelio, my son-in-law, has been guilty of some gross misconduct."

At these words the sobs and tears of Lucretia increased so violently, that Anselmo, perceiving there was no probability of deriving any information from her, addressed himself to me, and requested I would relate to them, if I knew it, the cause of her affliction.

I accordingly informed them of the situation and place in which I found their daughter, but that I was entirely ignorant of the cause which had induced her husband to use so much severity.

While I was giving this detail, which they could not hear without horror, the anguish of Lucretia by degrees abated; and resuming the use of her voice, she related the following story in her justification:

"Aurelio, the person to whom I was espoused," said she, "is a man not only more jealous, but more capable of permitting his feelings to drive him into a violent excess, than any other native of Italy. Entertaining suspicion, but upon what appearances I am totally ignorant, that the youth and beauty of one of his domestics had attracted my attention, he stabbed, in a frantic moment of unfounded jealousy, the innocent and unhappy youth; and, tying our bodies together with cords, carried us, by the assistance of persons devoted to his humor, in that condition, to the place from which this generous stranger has just released me."

Anselmo and Dorothea, who knew the character of Aurelio, and had frequently repented of having given him their daughter in marriage, were penetrated with the keenest anguish at this recital; and they joined their tears to those which still continued to flow from the eyes of Lucretia, who confirmed her innocence in the minds of her parents by this appeal: "If," said she, "I had the least reason to reproach myself, can you imagine that I should thus presumptuously appear before you? Oh! no; so far from daring to seek an asylum in your arms, I should have flown with horror from my paternal dwelling, and have endeavored to hide the shame of disgracing the edu-

cation you have given me, in the remotest corner of the earth."

This affectionate couple gave credit to the asseveration of their lovely daughter, and, secretly reproaching themselves for having married her so imprudently, locked her alternately in their arms with every mark of parental tenderness and contrition.

These transports of fond sorrow having subsided, they bestowed upon me a thousand thanks for saving their innocent and lovely child from impending death; and requested me to continue in the same with them as long as I pleased; but, after passing a day with them, I inquired the nearest road to Parma, and proceeded on my journey to a city, celebrated by its being the usual residence of the illustrious Prince its sovereign.

[To be continued.]

OWE NO MAN ANY THING.

IN this short sentence is found more of the rule of happiness, than in all the ranting of philosophic numskulls, popular spouters and theistic madmen. The deacon will have it, that the congregation, in following this maxim, would not appear half so respectable. The preacher believes they would look twice as heavenly; and that their upper galleries would have different occupants. Some few of our store-keepers would without doubt, lose by it; and the venerable bench of lawyers fare less sumptuously. Instead of public dinners and wine gratis, all would be for the benefit of self and good fellowship. There would be no lurking in blind alleys to escape Monsieur Catchpole, and avoid the payment of honest debts. Our great men would be dressed in plain suits, eat food more agreeable to nature, and enjoy much sweeter sleep. Beauty would walk forth, arrayed in modest garb; and the lovely blush of health would beam rapture to the gazing eye. Your Fanny Williamses would shut up shop, and the limping beaux ikkukh behind his counter, or retire to the breaking up of cloths and tapping old soles. The handicraft's men and daily laborers, would carry on business with regularity; return to their houses without the dread of finding the fireplaces papered with due-bills, or fine wrought furniture carried off by some sturdy basiff. Imports would greatly diminish; national debts be cancelled; and the olive-tree shade the empire of man.

The splendor of unfeeling pride would be transformed by the wand of equity, to simplicity of manners and humble demeanor. The plough would glitter in the field, the wilderness blossom like a garden, and the craggy shores echo peace and happiness to the roaring ocean.

This owe no man any thing, put into practice (by way of antediluvian) would save many a fat landlady the trouble of being eternally at the tap; and her smoking helpmate the disagreeable task of chalking down and rubbing out. Laughing John the ploughman, and funny Dick the tinker, would cease travelling from town to town; but sing merrily and clasp with heartier glee their jolly brothers. Even the toping sexton would not deny that the fashionable practice of living upon tick, had deprived many a poor sinner of sound sleep and old friends. It has done more mischief to agriculture, commerce and the fine arts, than all the yellow fevers and French quarrels can to America.

JULIET:—A FRAGMENT.

SHE was sitting at the head of his grave, and the grass was beginning to look green upon the turf round the stone, where her tears had usually fell.—She had not observed me, and I stood still.—“Thou hast left me, FRANCIO,” said she, bending her face down to the turf; “thou hast left me—but it was to attend a dearer call.—I will not weep,” said she, wiping her eyes with her handkerchief.—“I will not weep; for it was the call of one who loves thee better.” Thou hast flown to his bosom; and what hast thou left behind thee for thy JULIET, but this cold sod?”—She was silent for some moments.—The full moon was just beginning to climb over the tops of the trees as I came up; and, as she stooped to kiss the turf, I saw the tears trickling through the moon-beams, in hasty drops from her eyes.—“Thou hast left me,” said JULIET, raising her face from the grave, “but we shall meet again—I shall see thy face again, and hear thee speak— and then we shall part no more!”—She rose cheerfully to retire. The tear was still trembling in her eye. Never, until that moment, did I behold so soft a charm. One might read the sentence in her face.—“Thou hast left me, (said the tear)—but we shall meet again, and then we shall part no more,” (said the smile.) Blessed Religion! thought I—how happy are thy children!*****

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

TO THE SCREECH OWL.

HAIL, moping melancholy bird of night!
Whose woeful song, hoarse-sounding, grates my ear,
Who shun't the morning and the noon-day light,
And try't in vain the gloomy night to cheer.
Say, solemn bird, why dost thou ever fly?
The haunts of men, and scenes of social life,
And to the darkness wake thy dismal cry,
And shun thy race, and all their noise and strife.
Why, lone and pensive, ever pass the day,
Does solitude thy only joy impart?
Yes, it is so, and thy nocturnal lay
Tells the lone bias of thy frozen heart.
Unhappy Owl! like thee, in penitive mood,
By Cynthia's silver rays oft-times I rove
Near where Peacock rolls his limpid flood,
On the green border of yon spreading grove.
And there, like thee, in sorrow's deep-felt strain,
I tell my griefs to the regardless moon;
She only hears me of my woes complain,
But she unheeded soars majestic on.
Alike our lays unpleasing are and rude,
But quite unlike the sources of our pain;
By hunger flung thou seek'it in vain for food,
And I of love—of flighted love—complain.
Yes, hunger forc'd thee from the woods to stray,
Thy solitary oak compell'd to leave,
And here thou sit'lt beneath the lunar ray,
Thy urgent wants, and thy hard fate to grieve.
Long-Island, Oct. 9. 1800. AMICUS.

ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

THE sun far southward bends his annual way,
The bleak north-welt wind lays the forest bare;
The fruit ungather'd quits the naked spray,
And dreary Winter reigns o'er earth and air.
No mark of vegetables life is seen,
No bird repeals his tuneful call,
Save the dark leaves of some rude ever-green,
Save the lone red-birch on the moss-grown wall.
Yet still there are, who deem all seasons fair,
Who know not idle, restless passions, strife;
Contentment, smiling at each busy care,
Contentment, thankful for the gifts of life.
She finds in Winter many a scene to please,
The morning's land-scape, fringed with frost-work gay,
The sun at noon seen thro' the leafless trees,
The clear, calm ether at the close of day.

THE STORM:

ON the lone cliff, that hides its savage brow
Within the bosom of each threat'ning cloud,
I listen'd for the ship-bell's sound,
The merry seamen's laugh, the laboring oar;
I look'd for vales, with blooming flow'rets crown'd;
But all were fled. The wind blew cold and loud;
No footstep mark'd a wanderer on the shore,
The waves with anger rear the rock below.
Shivering I saw the tumbling bark a wreck,
Sink 'midst the fury of the boiling waves,
Poor hapless sailors' cold untimely graves,
Their knell the sea-birds' melancholy shriek.
Perhaps some female at this very hour,
Chill'd by the grasp of fear upbraids the wind,
And racks with busy thought the brooding mind,
As on the window beats the midnight snow's.
But half the world, unknown to thought or care,
Secure in costly domes, lie hid in sleep,
Deaf to the moanings of the troubled air,
Or shrieks of death that issue from the deep.

A REFLEXION.

UNBOUNDED Time drives on th' unweary'd Sun,
Who shines as strong as when he first began;
How oft we've seen him rise, how oft retreat!
And full as oft we've seen his glories set:—
Yet still he's Sol, doth like himself appear,
Gives us his heat, his beams to every star,

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

A FRAGMENT.

***** ON this bosom repose thy head, fair w
ever! here let the tear of affliction and of pity mingle.
A transient glow spread over her pale cheek—
Once animated with every charm. Her eye dwelt on
the earth, and, after a few moments pause, she replied,
“So spoke my ALONZA! Angels in more harmonies
ounds ne'er worshiped their Creator, than he, when whispering in mine ear the insidious vows of love. Oh, you silent queen of night gild the roseate bower, in which he prested me to his bosom. Oft did you worlds, the sparkle in the sky, witness our affection!—but yet ALONZA was untrue. One fatal hour rob'd me of virtue, innocence and peace. Deserted by him, by friend and heaven, I am now a guilty fugitive; on the world wide common a noisome weed, trampled upon by every passenger. Oh God! in pity shield me from my fallings in the peaceful grave, and in oblivion let the child infamy forget ALONZA and her love!***** Such the altars! this thy victim, O Sensuality! ***** Nov. 20, 1800.

CURIOS ACTION.

Lately at the Marshalsea court, London, an action was tried, to recover compensation in damages for losing the use of two fingers, which happened in the following manner :

A MRS. Lowry went into the shop of the defendant, butcher, in Goswell-street, to buy some meat, and while she was pointing out the place where she would have cut, the butcher, in his eagerness to serve his customer, whipt off a great slice, but at the same time wounded two of her fingers in such a manner as ever to deprive her of the use of them.—For the defendant it was contended, that the butcher was not responsible, as the act was not proved to have been done maliciously or wilfully.—The jury, in consideration of the butcher not being in opulent circumstances, contented themselves with giving damages—THIRTY POUNDS.

LAWYERS.

JAMES the first shewed he did not want sense, for the fifth of November, and the twentieth year of his reign, he issued a proclamation, in which the voters in members of parliament are directed “Not to chuse curious and wrangling Lawyers, who seek reputation by flinging needless questions.” Alleyen’s Epigram in Henry the eighth, is applicable to the subject :

A prating Lawyer (one of those who cloud That honored science) did their conduct take; He talk’d of Law, and the tumultuous crowd Tho’t it had been all Gospel that he spake.

At length these fools that common error saw, A Lawyer on their side—-but not the Law!

SELECTIONS FROM HISTORY.

A YOUNG Officer, son of an illustrious Captain, petitioned Antigonus that he might be advanced to his father's pay. The King told him, “Young man, I never reward any in consideration of their paternal virtues; but my maxim is to let every man feel the influence of my liberality in proportion as he discovers any of his own proper virtues, so that if you would incline to enjoy your father's allowances endeavor to emulate his virtues.”

CHIOMATA, the wife of Orthagon, being prisoner at Rome, was ransomed. This lady, in her way home, ordered one of her servants to assassinate the Roman Tribune, and cut off his head, which she carried home, and threw at her husband's feet. Orthagon, in the greatest surprise, asked her if she did not account the violation of a treaty inconsistent with her honor and reputation? I do, replied she, but still I think it more consistent with my honor and reputation that of all the men ever concerned with me, there is not one alive. She was not so romantically virtuous as Lucretia, but more prudent in attesting her modesty, rather by the death of her ravisher than her own.

ANECDOTE.

ON a benefit night at the Play-house, many friends to the actor were let in at a private door; which, when discovered, a gentleman cried out, “It is a shame they should fill the house full of people before any body comes.”

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1800.

THE ASPECT OF THINGS.

As pourtrayed by the last arrivals from Europe, is not more impressive in itself, than portentous of eventful consequences. Our last London files bring the date of information to October 6. The prospect of a Continental Peace, which was lately darkened by the refusal of the Emperor to ratify the preliminary article signed at Paris, has again brightened at the Congress of Luneville. At this Congress, the French Republic will be represented by Joseph Buonaparte, brother to the First Consul; and as the mode of pacification, now proposed by France, will not necessarily require any sacrifices, to which the imperious honor of the Austrian Cabinet cannot consent, we trust that the brave and faithful Germans, who through all the dangers, privations and horrors of a most ruinous war, have been the bulwark of order and government, will now be restored to the blessings of peace, and to the cultivation of those fields where empires have been unpeopled. As a pledge of the Emperor's sincerity in this late overture for peace, Buonaparte has demanded possession of three of the most important fortresses on the frontiers of Germany---Ulm, Philipburgh, and Ingolstadt.---The probable result of the Congress at Luneville will be the extension of the domains of the Republic to those boundaries which for ages France has been contending for---the Rhine, the Mountains, and the Ocean.

The English Cabinet has not as yet discovered any symptoms of relenting hostility; and there is not the thinnest shadow of a reason to presume that Great-Britain will have any connection with the Congress at Luneville, other than the influence of her example, and the valor of her arms.

CHARTER OFFICERS.

From the votes given in the different Wards of this City at the election on Tuesday last, it appears that the following persons are chosen for the ensuing year:

First Ward.

John B. Coles, Alderman,----John Nitchie, Assistant.
Second Ward.

Robert Lenox, Alderman,----Philip Ten Eyck, Assistant.
Third Ward.

Selah Suong, Alderman,----Philip Braffett, Assistant.
Fourth Ward.

John Bogert, Alderman,----Nicholas Garmey, Assistant.
Fifth Ward.

Jotham Post, Alderman,----John P. Ritter, Assistant.
Sixth Ward.

Joshua Barker, Alderman,----Henry Van Veen, Assistant.
Seventh Ward.

Mangle Minthorne, Alderman,----Jacob I. Arden, Assistant.

EXTRAORDINARY DEATH.

A few days ago, a young man of about fourteen years old, the son of Mr. Thomas Lewis, in the neighborhood of Reeding, was stung by a bee, which he carelessly swallowed in a piece of honey-comb. The throat immediately swelled to such a degree that the lad expired in less than a quarter of an hour.

[Reeding paper.]

On Sunday evening, the 16th ult. the Light-House on Brandt Point, (Nantucket) was blown down.

The second session of the Sixth Congress, commenced at the city of Washington, last Monday.

We hourly expect intelligence of the arrival of the frigate Portsmouth, Capt. M'Neil, with the Commissioners from France.

[Philad. pap.]

SINGULAR EXIT.

A young French soldier of the department of the Meuse, formerly officer of Health of the marines, blew out his brains in the Inn at Dijon, on the 7th of September last. Nothing could be done with greater coolness, and even gaiety, than this act of despair. He left behind him two written papers, in one of which he relates the preparations which he had made for his death; and in the other, entitled AN ADVICE TO AMATEERS, he ridicules his enemies, the revolution, and eternity. "Weared of sojourning in this world," said he, "I feel desirous of visiting another. If you wish to hear any news from me, my address is at the Supreme Temple, department of eternity! When I return, your children will be grown up. Those

who want to overtake me, must put on their seven league boots."

Extract of a letter from a merchant in Havanna, to his correspondent in Baltimore, dated the 17th October,

"I have just heard that dispatches have been received by the government, in this city, of the French and Spanish, with 14 ships of the line and 17 frigates, having taken Trinidad, and that their present object is Jamaica---and have requested a supply of provisions for 20,000 men. This may, probably, produce some alterations in our market for the better."

Boston, Nov. 17.

IMPORTANT CAPTURE.

On Saturday anchored in Nantasket Roads, the U. S. frigate Bolton, George Little, Esq. commander, with her prize the French national corvette LE BERCEAU, commanded by Citizen Louis Andre Senes, captured on the 10th October, in lat 28° 50' N. long 51° W. after an action of one hour and forty minutes. Le Berceau mounts 22 French guns, and 2 twelve pounders on one deck; and had on board at the commencement of the action 230 men. Her loss was 25 killed, and a number wounded. The force of the Bolton is 24 twelve and 6 nine pounders, and 230 men. Her loss in killed and wounded does not exceed fifteen.

The Berceau lost in the engagement her First Lieutenant, Master, Boatswains, Master-Gunner, and Pilot, besides common men.

The Bolton expended upwards of 2700 wt. of powder, above 1500 round shot, besides double that number of chain, double-headed, and grape, during the action.

The prize is now commanded by Lieutenant Haswell, First Lieutenant of the Bolton.

Washington, Nov. 14.

No dispatches have been received by the government of the United States, as stated in a Philadelphia paper; but from concurring advice there is the greatest probability that the account, taken from an English paper, that a Treaty has been concluded between this country and France is true. We know this belief is entertained by the best informed men in Washington.

THE FIRE AT WASHINGTON.

The cause of the fire in the War Office has not been yet fully ascertained; but there is the best reason to believe that it arose from the inattention of some person in the adjacent building, the owner of which had died that day. His corpse still remained in the house, in which a fire had been kept up. From this house it is supposed to have been conducted into the private office of the Secretary of War, by some pieces of joist that communicated from one building to the other.

Among the citizens, who first reached the building, was Mr. Wolcott, who hesitated for a moment whether he should burst open the door of the apartment, which was in flames, or attempt in the first instance the removal of the papers in the adjacent rooms. He, however, thought it best to force his way into the apartment, in hopes of extricating some of the papers, and accordingly did so. The act was not followed by the hoped for effect, as the flames had already consumed every thing in the room. They extended themselves with rapidity to the other parts of the building, which were soon in a general blaze.

Fortunately all the papers of the accountant were saved, so that little, if any derangement will take place in the accounts of the War department.

A very valuable library of books that treated chiefly of tactics were entirely consumed. This loss is the greater, as many of the best works cannot be replaced.

It is also stated, that the papers in relation to the disposition of lands, were amongst those burned.

The most active exertions were made to subdue the flames; but they proved unavailing from the want of water.

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

For sale at John Harrison's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip,

POEMS, ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BY
PHILIP FRENEAU.

COURT of HYMEN.

LET Winter come! Let polar spirits sweep
The dark'ning world, and tempest-troubled deep!
Though bboldless knows the wither'd heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm;
Yet shall the faulfe of social love repay,
With mental light the melancholy day!

MARRIED

On Wednesday evening the 5th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Collier, Mr. RICHARD P. LAWRENCE, to Miss SARAH CONROY, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. CHRISTIAN BARRACK, to Miss ELIZABETH EVERE, both of this city.

CHARITY SERMONS

Will be preached to-morrow, in the morning in the Old Dutch Church, and in the evening in the New Chutch, and collections made for the benefit of the Charity School.

In the Trinity Church, in the forenoon, a Charity Sermon will also be preached, and a Collection made for the benefit of the Episcopal Charity School.

LOTTERY.

TICKETS in the LANSINGBURGH and WATERFORD NAVIGATION LOTTERY, and in the STATE ROAD LOTTERY, No. III, for sale by John Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening, will be presented, Shakspere's celebrated Play of

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

To which will be added the Entertainment of

THE QUAKER, OR, THE BENEVOLENT FRIEND.

N.B. No admittance behind the scenes during the time of Rehearsal or Performance.

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CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

No 114 MAIDEN-LANE

THE subscriber has made a considerable addition to the Library; the latest novels are received, and some of the European magazines to August, 1800. A new catalogue is published, price one shilling. Attention will be paid to every publication of merit.

The Book Store is also opened, where stationery of different kinds may be had, and a general assortment of books especially those used in Schools and the College.

Nov. 1. 27 W. BARLAS.

JUST PUBLISHED,

and for sale by J. Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

TRAVELS

In the interior Districts of AFRICA, performed under the direction and patronage of the African Association, in the years 1795, 1796 and 1797---

By MUNGO PARK, Surgeon;

With an Appendix, containing Geographical Illustrations of Africa, by Major Rennell.

THE SPIRIT OF MASONRY:

Or, the Morality and Practice of Free-Masonry.

Illustrated and explained in fourteen Lectures, by Wm. Hutchinson, Master of the Lodge of Concord, Barnard-Castle, England.



COURT of APOLLO.

THE SLUT.

A LUCKLESS unpropitious hour
Once put me in a flattery's pow'r,
And that blyt day which let me clear
I keep a festive each year.

When Luna full'd, and when she chang'd,
Her face was wash'd her hair arran'd.
Her clothes-- upon my word and honor,
Were never run, but fitc'n'd, upon her:
They scorn'd a pin-- so amply greas'd
They'd cling wherever madam pleas'd.

Her cook'y too! (some muse assist
Or the great theme must be dismisl'd.)
A Hottentot would sooner die
Than taste her soup, or touch her pie.
Her roasted pullets ne'er were drawn:
No pig could bear her black lapawn:
And hungry Tawler turn'd away
From where her odious morsels lay.

The Slut had thrif. The pudding boil'd
In the same cap she nightily soif'd;
And amber dropping in her dough
Improv'd its taste and color too.

Her rancid butter, rough with hair,
Forbad the least incision there,
And the green animated cheese
Grew lea by unperceiv'd degrees.

Her sausages, if fry'd or boil'd,
Or roasted, stew'd, or bak'd, or broil'd,
Maintain'd their bulk from day to day
And unsatcked smuking lay.

No broom was in her mansion found,
But huge tough cobwebs hung around
In wreaths and festoons widely spread,
The work of spiders long since dead.

To sum her character in short,
She lived in, and liv'd on dirt.

EPIGRAPH.

In the Old Church of Tiverton, is the following curious Epitaph:

"HO, ho, who lies here?"
"'Tis I, the good Earl of Devonshire,
"With Kate my wife, to me full dear,
"That we spent we had;
"That we left we lost;
"That we gave, we have."

This inscription may seem odd, but attentively considered it contains an excellent moral lesson, and estimates the true value and use of riches.

WHAT IS WOMAN?

WOMAN's a book of tiny size,
Suited to catch the coxcomb's eyes;
In silks and muslins neatly bound,
And sometimes richly gilt around,
But what is strange in reader's sight,
This book oft stands unletter'd quite;
The Frontispiece is gayly drest,
Blank paper fills up all the rest!

ANECDOTES.

A Woman, one morning, went into a tavern, called for a gill of New-England rum, and drank it. Upon which the lady of the house expressed her wonder that she should drink so much rum on an empty stomach. "Why, la!" says she, "my stomach is not empty, for I have drank a pint this morning before."

A Knawish Attorney asking a very worthy Gentleman, what was honest? What is that to you, said he, meddle with those things that concern you.

MORALIST.

HAPPINESS.

HAPPINESS consists in a private condition, a moderate revenue, a few tried friends, a chosen circle; a few relations, business enough to preserve vigor of mind without fatiguing it, wisely directed solitude, moderate studies; in a word, happy mediocrity. Independence is the blessing which deserves first of all to be chosen by us, should God leave to our choice the kind of life which we ought to follow; or if he did not frequently intend by placing us on the earth, more to exercise our patience, than to consummate our felicity. O, delicious Independence! O, ineffable Mediocrity! I prefer you before the most glorious sceptre, the best established throne, the most brilliant crown! What are the eminent posts of which the greatest part of mankind are so fond? They are golden chains, splendid punishments, brilliant prisons and dungeons. Happy he, who having received from Providence, blessings sufficient for his rank, easy with his fortune, far from courts and grandeur, waits with tranquility for death; and while he enjoys the innocent pleasure of life knows how to make eternity his grand study, and his principal occupation.

J. GREENWOOD,

Dentist to the late President GEORGE WASHINGTON,

Informs the public he continues to perform every operation incident to the Teeth and Gums, to the fixing in from a single tooth to a complete whole set. The approbation which the late President was pleased to bestow on him, he flatters himself is a strong recommendation of his abilities, as a Dentist, by an extract of a letter, dated,

"January 6, 1799.

"SIR,
"I shall always prefer your services to that of any other in the line of your present profession."

NB His prices are very moderate, as no person can exceed him in facility and neatness of performance, as above.

Greenwood's very best of Tooth Powder may be had of Miss T. Cook, & Co. No. 133 William-street, and at no other place, except of J. Greenwood, at his house No. 13 Chatham Row, which is the fourth door from the new Play House, opposite the Park, price 3s. per box, which contains powder sufficient to last one year to preserve the teeth and gums. O.S. 25. 96 am

Mahogany.

St. Domingo MAHOGANY, for sale in Boards, Plank and Joice, by THOMAS TIMPSON, Nov. 15. No. 25 John-street.

For the Teeth and Gums, Tooth Ache, &c.

THE Anti-scorbutic TINCTURE is superior to any other medicine ever discovered, for effectually curing the scurvy in the gums, cleansing, whitening and preserving the teeth; it will effectually preserve the teeth in a sound state even to old age, and render them white and beautiful, without the least impairing the enamel, fasten such as are loose, keep such as are already decayed from getting worse, render the breath perfectly sweet, and remedy those disorders which are the consequence of seborrhoeic gums and bad teeth. Price one dollar each bottle.

And the VOLAFILE TINCTURE for the TOOTHACHE; the most efficacious remedy ever discovered for that tormenting pain. It give immediate and permanent ease in the worst cases, and is perfectly innocent and safe. Price 37 and 1-2 cens.

Invented and prepared by Dr. CHURCH, 137 Front-street, (near the Fly-Market) and sold by F. DUHOIS, Intelligence Office, 81 William-street, and R. BACH, 128 Pearl-street, New-York. 26 tf

NOTICE

IS hereby given to the public, that the subscribers have taken the FERRY from Long-Island to Caihaine-Slip (commonly called the NEW FERRY) - And whereas it has been very much neglected heretofore, the public may now rely on the strictest attention on both sides, by

STANTON and WATERBERRY.
New-York, May 10. 02 tf

An Elegant Assortment of Ladies and Gentlemen's MOROCCO POCKET BOOKS, for sale at no. 3 Peck-Slip.

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Has just received and for sale at his Book Store No. 3 Peck-Slip, an assortment of new publications.

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THE PLEASURES OF HOPE, AND OTHER POEMS,

By THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Mr. P. L. DUPORT, Professor of Dancing.

Respectfully informs the Ladies and gentlemen of the city of New-York, and its environs, that he again intends opening his School at Lovett's hotel, Broad-Way, on Monday the 17th inst. for the tuition and improvement of young Ladies and Gentlemen in the polite accomplishment of

DANCING.

The respectful attention stimulates him to farther exertion. He flatters himself that a continuance of his application and abilities, will still command the liberal patronage which he gratefully acknowledges ---- Subscriptions received at No. 69 Broad-Way. 28 6 2

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Offers the Ladies, Gentlemen and Public at large, the following articles for sale very low for cash:

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Best scented Marechalle, do, Violet, do, Bergamot, do, Plain.

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Best Naples, Shaving Powder, Ell of Soap, Windsor, Italian Squares.

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